The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT -:- *The Judge Finds Things Before They Are Lost* -:- By Tad

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You Cannot Hide Your Wrong Thought from Friend or Foe

Never in the History of Man Has the Intuitive Instinct, Sometimes Called the Psychic Power, Been Possessed by So Many People—This Instinct is Simple Clear Seeing.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It is fully borne home to you that, if you have perchance this morning done anything that shall have brought sadness to a single human being, the one to whom you are about to talk of the rain or the storm, will know it—his soul will have been warmed even before his hand has thrown open the door?

Though you assume the face of a saint, a hero or a martyr? the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unapproachable smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice or a brother's tears—MAETERLINCK.

This truth, put in simple form by one of the world's great teachers, is part of a beautiful essay on the growth of fine instincts in the human race.

Never in the history of man has the intuitive instinct, sometimes called the psychic power, been possessed by so many people. This instinct does not mean clairvoyance in the usual understanding of that word, but it does mean the literal clairvoyance, which is simply clear seeing.

Clear seeing is not a physical faculty, for many men and women with the most powerful organs of sight live to be old without needing the aid of glasses to enable them to read and write, yet they have no faculty of clear seeing.

That power must come from the mind, from the inner radiant center, which, like a searchlight, casts its beams into the darkness and sees many hidden things. Of only a few who gave time and thought and study to higher planes of consciousness, or by the still smaller few who were born with psychic vision. Today there is an almost universal awakening of the mind of man to the intuitive quality. And there are hundreds of people lacking education and culture who yet feel this peculiar sense of which Maeterlinck speaks in his essay; this sense which warns them through the avenue of the soul when injustice, selfishness or cruelty stands before them in smiling guise.

The recent experiments in London and New York, by physicians who have proven the word aura to be more than a visionary expression of religious fanatics and who have found it to be a fact that each human being is surrounded by an aura, varying in color and size and shape, according to his mental and physical state, will eventually add much to the psychic power of the race.

Not only will we feel a certain sense of good or evil in the presence of people, but we will see the condition which produces these effects.

The animal's aura is physical, the human being's mental and physical, and the mental is two-fold, since the spiritual development creates the third and most important rays of the aura.

But already in this generation it is well for us to realize, as Maeterlinck has told you, that you cannot hide your wrong thought or your wrong deed from your friends or your enemies or the stranger or the child.

Astrologers tell us that we are under the influence of a planet which is called the "Great Revealer," and during the last ten years, and for some years to come, this planet will cause hidden things to be brought forth and dark places to become light.

Perhaps it is this planetary condition, directed and guided by the great mind back of all things, which has awakened the minds of men and women to psychic powers.

God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
But guard well your thoughts,
For they are no longer your own.

I hold it true that thoughts are things,
Endowed with being, breath and wings;
And that we send them forth to fill
The earth with good results or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot.
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit,
With thoughts you would not dare make known,
And yet make comrades, when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly,
And leave their impress by and by;
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And after you have quite forgot,
Or quite outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind, to make its home
A dove, or raven, it shall come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part or share
In shaping worlds, and moulding fate;
God's system is so intricate.

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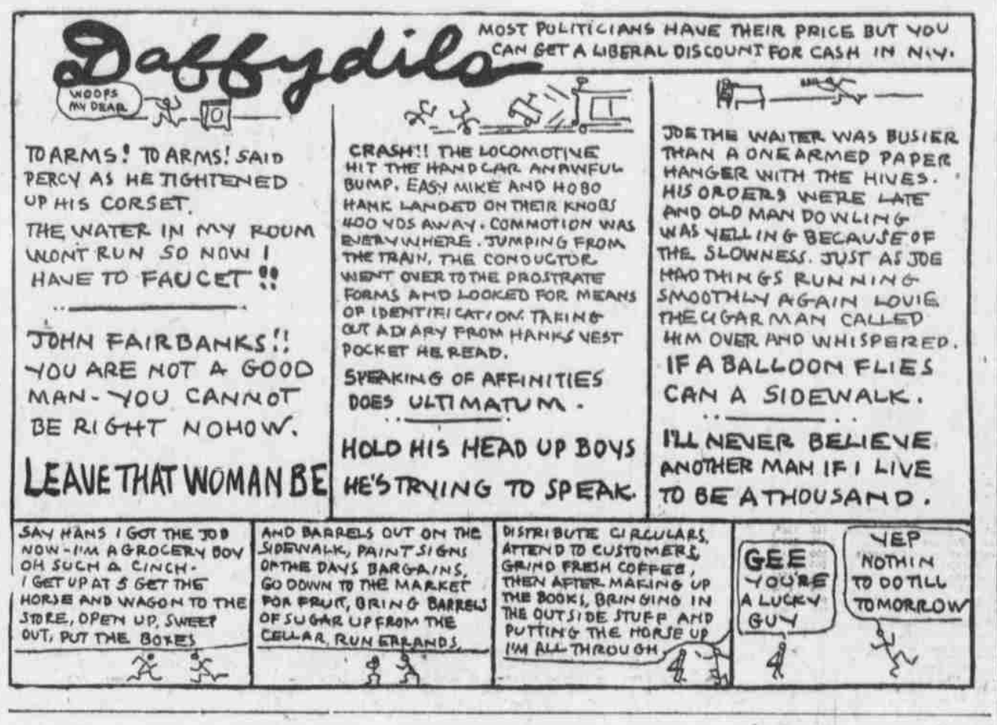
Hold His Head Up, Boys -:- -:- By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk

BY GUS MAGER

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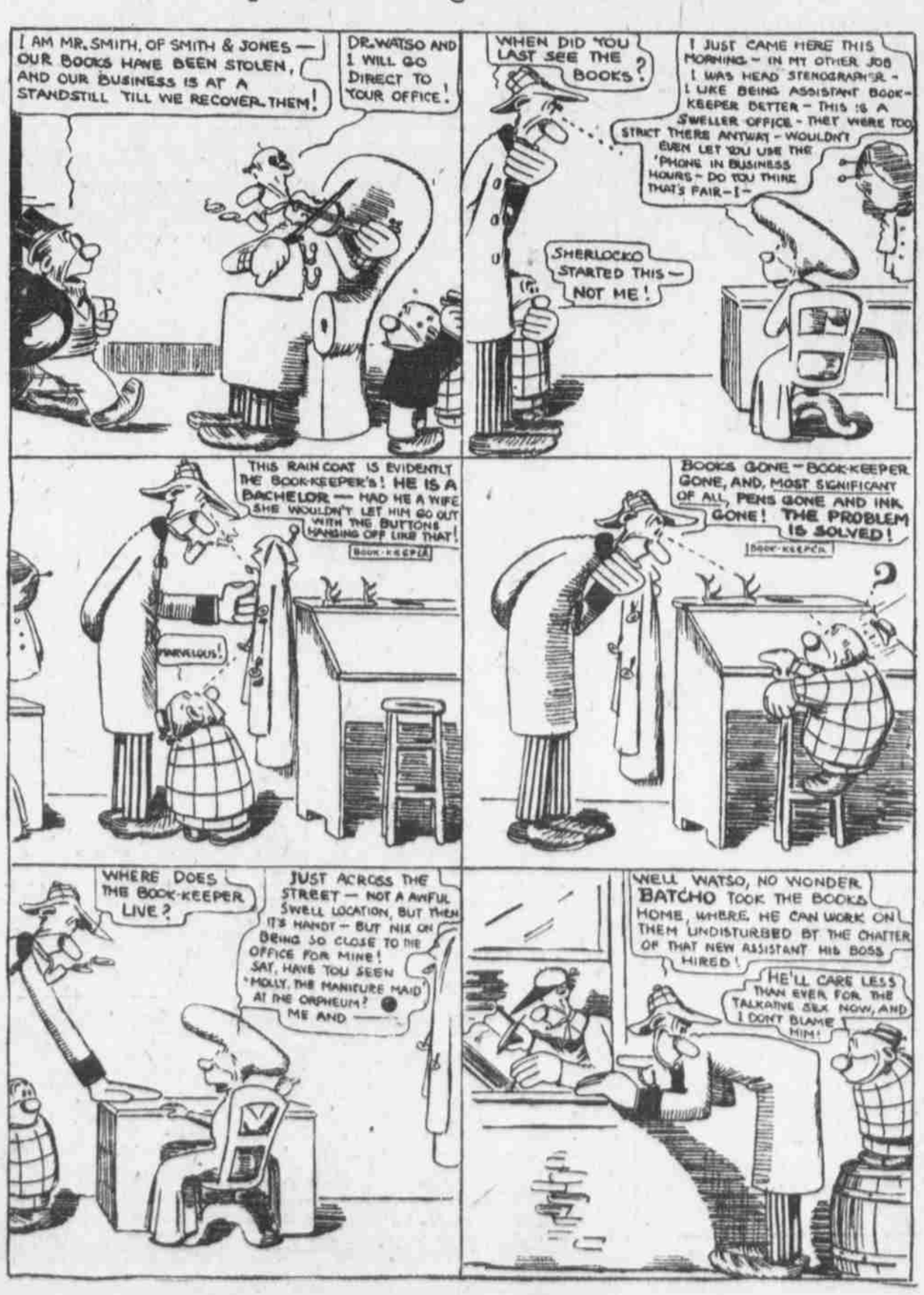
The Episode of the Agitated Business Man



The Rev. Lysander John

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton was nervous, unhappy and restless. It was Sunday and she was in the habit of going to church, but the rain and a bad cold kept her at home. She was so plainly unhappy and ill at ease that her husband decided to come to her rescue.

"You are unhappy because you can't hear your preacher," he said. "My dear, we will have services at home and I will conduct them," and she, glad to see evidences of an awakening spirit, consented.

"You will be the choir," he said, "and I will preach, and after a song by the choir, consisting of Mrs. Appleton's little quavering voice and Daysey Mayme's piano, which was not, as the high thinkers would say, at harmony with itself, the preacher began his sermon, taking for his text that quotation from somewhere in the Bible (he mumbled the name of the chapter so that his congregation couldn't understand), "Thy garments are moth eaten."

Mrs. Appleton is scolded every Sunday in an Episcopal church, and when her husband launched forth in a stinging rebuke to the women, it sounded so familiar that for a time she forgot it was her husband speaking and was dazed.

For thirty minutes he scolded the women who gossip, berated her sex for extravagance, hauled over the coals back and forth again till her hair was singed every woman who wore false hair, and poured an avalanche of abuse on the women who neglect their families to reform the world at clubs, and who play cards for prizes, parade the streets like peacocks and gad and gab.

She was too dumfounded to do more than sit back and stare at him, with her eyes rolling and her mouth agape, but when he concluded and gave out a hymn and sat down, the "choir" regained sudden possession of its faculties and its voice, and Lysander John received a tongue-lashing that made his sermon seem as mild as a treatise on babies' milk in comparison. Bedlam was let loose, and her anger knew no bounds. He had tricked her in the name of religion, she said; he had taken advantage of her desire for spiritual consolation; he was impious and wicked, and it was a wonder the lightning didn't strike him dead.

"That's just like you women," he said, when exhaustion compelled her to desist. "You think it is all right for your preacher to scold you, but when your husband does it you feel terribly abused. That sermon I just preached to you I committed to memory from one your preacher delivered a month ago. If you remember, you thought it a masterful effort when he delivered it."

Then Lysander John stalked as majestically out of the room as his thin little legs could take him, leaving his choir gasping for breath and the closing hymn unsung.

The Girl Who Has Had

By DOROTHY DIX.

A romantic young millionairess who eloped with a $20-a-week chauffeur and who is still unforgiven and unprovided for by her rich parents, has just gone to housekeeping, and is reported to have bought most of her household plenishings at the five and ten cent stores. More than that, the salesgirl who waited on her opened her eyes at the thrift and economy displayed by the rich girl, and declared:

"Gee, I never saw anybody get as much out of a dollar before. If all millionairesses are that saving poor men ought to hunt 'em up for wives."

And the salesgirl was right. Rich women are more economical than poor women as a rule, and it is money in a man's pocket and happiness in his home to marry the girl who has had the cakes and ale of life instead of the one who is starved for them.

Poor men are afraid to ask rich girls to marry them. A poor man says to himself, that his $150 or $200 a month salary would look like a clipped Canadian dime to a girl who had been in the habit of living at the rate of thousands a year, and that she would spend his tiny income on chocolate creams and never know where it went to. Therefore he passes her by, and asks some girl who has never had a second frock to her back, scarcely, to marry him, with the view of getting a wife who has been raised to save and do without things, and who will be a help to a struggling young man.

Of course there are exceptions to all rules, and occasionally the woman who has been used to prodical expenditure goes on her wasteful career and keep her poor husband's nose to the grindstone all of his life. Also the poor and economical girl may develop into a tightwad wife, and thereby is the man's guess at what a woman will do justified.

As a general thing, however, exactly the reverse of this happens. If the rich girl loves the poor man well enough to marry him there is no sacrifices she is not willing to make for him, and she is so bent and determined that he shall get all in the world, and so afraid that she will be a handicap instead of a help to him, that she becomes a model of industry and frugality. Besides which her husband's small salary looks so very small in her eyes that she is twice as careful of it as he is. Furthermore, having had a surfeit of all things that money buys she isn't mad about having them.

On the other hand, to the girl who has never had a dollar of her own, her husband's small salary seems an unending supply of wealth that will stand any strain, and she puts it to the test recklessly. She's been denied the things that she wanted, she's lacked for pretty clothes, she's craved amusements and excitement and when she gets a chance at them she loses her head.

POOR MEN ARE AFRAID TO ASK RICH GIRLS TO MARRY THEM.

If you will notice you will find that ninety-nine out of 100 of the dress-crazy, automobile-crazy, theater-crazy women you know, who won't keep house and insist on living in hotels, were poor girls, and generally country girls.

Precisely the same thing is true about society. The social climbers, the women who have bartered their own souls to walk "under the proper awnings," as somebody has wittily said, the women who are frantic about entertaining and being entertained, are almost invariably those who have had dreary and lonely girlhoods.

If I were a man and wanted a wife who was guaranteed to be domestic, and whom I could count on for a quiet fireside companion, I should pick out some woman who had her fill of society. I wouldn't select a bud in her first season and then complain that she dragged me around to dances and parties after a hard day's work.

I should select the maiden who had been out more seasons than she liked to count, and to whom a ball had come to look like an aggregation of idiots jumping about to a tune, and who could not even contemplate a pink tea without being nauseated. I should marry the woman who had had society, instead of the woman who had to have it, and thereby should I be able to spend my evenings in slippered ease.

And if I wanted a faithful and devoted wife, and one that I wouldn't have to keep an eye upon, I should choose the girl who had been a belle, who had had many men pay her compliments, and make love to her, and who could have married a half dozen times if she had been so minded. I am aware that this view of the subject will not meet with the approval of men. Every man likes to feel that he is the first and only, which explains in part why so many married women find affinities and divorce is so common.

WOULDN'T SELECT A GIRL WHO WOULD DRAG ME TO DANCES.

An old colored woman once put this very aptly to me in speaking of a certain married woman whose flirtations were a subject of scandalous gossip. "Miss Sally," she said sententiously, "married when she wasn't but 16. She never had no gal time. And we women is got to have our gal time. If we don't get it early we takes it late."

And there you are. It is true that the woman who has had little admiration and love making and few compliments from men before she marries, is abnormally sensitive to them if they come her way after marriage. She is the woman who indulges in flirtations and is an easy victim for the designing men who are home wreckers, whereas the woman who has had all of the love dalliance that she cared for as a girl is glad enough to be done with it and to settle down in quiet satisfaction to a Darby and Joan life.

It is a curious phase of human character that we put little value on the things we have never had, and this is what makes it safer to marry the girl who has had the fatness of the land instead of the one who wants the earth.

Feminine Philosphy

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

The older people grow the less interest they have in anything the name of which is hard to pronounce.

If the dead women could speak on the day of their funeral, they would say to the donors of floral offerings: "How sweet of you! It is just what I wanted!"

Just about the time a man gets so used to the furniture he can make his way around in the dark without falling over it and breaking his neck, his wife decides it is time to move it.

When there is nothing else on earth left to laugh at, hunt up some woman's clock and laugh in its face, for when it says two, the hour hand is two hours ahead and the minute hand is thirty minutes late, and the woman to whom it belongs has to do a problem in arithmetic before she can tell if it is time to get breakfast or go to bed.

You may not think you are having a good time now, but the day is coming when your idea of a happy time will be just feeling well.

The woman may be the one who starts the love affair, but nine times in ten it is the man who ends it.